

**How did I get here?**

**from Fake name**

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# Introduction

We fell in love, then out.

# Chapter 1

It was my first day of high school, the day everyone dreamed of. All I had to say was eh. I didn't know that many people, so I felt like an outcast but I convinced myself I was fine. Little did I know this year was going to be anything but "Eh"

As the weeks of high school went on I noticed someone. He was tall and toned, he never had a hair out of place but most importantly, his smile, it was crooked yet so perfect. His name was Noah. I noticed my heart start to flutter around him. But come on I didn't even know him.

"Okay Ansley you're with Noah," my teacher with a thick New York accent said. Oh wow, maybe I will get the chance to know. We both stood up and looked at each other. We started walking over to each other, slowly, no one else in the class room existed to me. We were standing right in front of each other, not saying anything. I was looking down, too sacred to make eye contact with him. I tugged at the bottom of my skirt and felt the back of my neck get sweaty. I slowly looked up. He smiled, and so did I. My heart was pounding. I wanted to say something but couldn't.

"Want to work over there?" he said and gestured to a little corner in the back of the classroom. The first words he ever said to me. Not much room, but that was ok. We sat down on the floor. We opened out notebooks. We made eye contact, but then he looked away. I wanted him to look at me again. We started writing down notes, not really talking.

"What middle school did you go to?"

"Oh, uh I went to Washington, w-w-what about you," I said. God I sounded like an idiot.

"I just moved here from California, it's a lot colder here," he said, I laughed, so did he. He laughed, this beautiful hearty laugh. I knew in that moment that I wanted to take that laugh on a date. We made a little bit more small talk. I had so many questions but then the bell rang.

"I will see you later," he said. I waved. I looked down and smiled.

The next few periods went on and I was always thinking about him. Then culinary class came around. We were getting new seats.

"Okay Noah here," my teacher said and pointed to a table. I felt my face get red. I had no idea he was in the class. We made eye contact, then looked away. I couldn't help but look back, and he looked back too.

"Ansley!" my teacher said.

"Oh, sorry, where do I sit?" I said quietly.

"Next to Noah." I shuffled over there quickly.

"Hey," I said.

"Hi, nice to see you again," he said.

"Why are you taking culinary," I asked, my voice cracked, my mouth was so dry.

"I want to be a chef," he said.

"Me too," I said and smiled, he did too. I imagined a future together, co-running a restaurant in love.

## Chapter 2

By October I was head over heels. He was all I could think about. One time I opened the door for him after he went to the bathroom and I could feel my face get red. I could not find a single thing wrong with him.

In English my teacher started explaining this new project. A pair had to write an essay about a novel, but we each had to have our own theme, and try to combine them. But the catch was, we had to pick out own partners.

"Okay, go find a partner," the teacher said. I stood up, my heart was pounding. I wanted to back down but I walked up to Noah, but so did this other guy.

"Want to be partners?" I asked. I swear his face turned red. He looked and me.

"Yeah," he said. He didn't break eye contact.

"Dude," the other guy that wanted to be partners with Noah asked.

"Sorry Brady," he said, still not breaking eye contact.

"want to meet after school, in the library?" he asked.

"Yeah," I said. I felt my heart beat everywhere. I walked back to my seat. I looked back and we made eye contact and held it for an extra second. My hand was shaking, I felt like I was on some high. The bell rang, I watched him leave.

Today in culinary we are going to bake a cake with our table partners. It was Noah, me and this other girl. We started baking, I started with the wet ingredients while Noah grabbed the dry ones, he set up his cutting board right next to mine. Our arms kept touching. I felt it all through my spine.

"What's the theme for homecoming this year" Noah asked.

"Under the sea," I responded.

"At my old school they had an under the sea theme but it was more like under founded," he said. We laughed. He flicked some flour at me.

"Hey," I said and flicked some back. We laughed some more and got back to baking.

The rest of the afternoon could not go by slower. The last bell rang and I practically sprinted out of the classroom to the library entrance, he was already at a table. I walked up to him. I feel like this might be in my head but, I swear his face got red. We started working. We weren't talking that much, we had a lot of work to do but there were some golden moments. We started packing up.

"Can I have your number," he asked. I smiled. I didn't say anything for a second, I was so shocked, he wants to text me. I gave it to him and he texted me a "hi"

He was the only thing I could think about. One night I was thinking about us, I felt like I was about to fall asleep. LOVE. I shot up, I had to catch my breath. I love him. I want to tell him.

# Chapter 3

It was winter break, nothing happened. I kept wanting to tell him but it just ended up going like this...

"Hi Noah," I would say.

"Hi," he would say in his deep voice.

"I really really like..." then I would say something random.

It was torture. I loved him so much and it kept growing each day. Everyday I had to cook with him or work with him and the whole time, "I love you" was on the tip of my tongue. I don't know how much longer I can take it before I just scream at him. Thats just what I want to do for some reason.

At the end of winter break I ended up spending two weeks in the hospital and being out of school for a month. I had a stomach infection and I had to have surgery. I didn't see Noah for like two months.

But he texted me, everyday. Asking how I was.

Noah: Hey how are you?

Ansley: I am coming back tomorrow

Noah: I can't wait to see you

Noah: She is finally coming back dude

Noah: sorry that wasn't for you lol

He was texting his friends about me. I wanted to kiss him so bad. If he were to walk in right now I would just grab his face and kiss him. I would hold him and never let go.

We were moving so slowly, I kept wanting to tell him, but then I was like if he liked me he would have told me by now, but then I think I like him and I haven't told him yet. I am having such an inner battle. But we did kind of hit a milestone. We started hanging out outside of school. I went over to his house. Noah, his brother and I played video games. Not very romantic but I had so much fun. I could talk to him forever and not get bored. So I decided I was going to let this slowly burn. I don't want to rush this, I love him so much its insane, no way I am just going to rush into this. Let's take this one step at a time.

## Chapter 4

It was sophomore year. I wasn't with Noah. I kept telling myself I lost my chance when I didn't. We had some classes together though, but I was probably in the friend zone.

The first day of school ended and Noah and I were walking out of the school together. I wasn't very talkative though, I was really mad at myself. I just kept telling myself imagine if you just told him, you guys could be holding hands right now.

"Hey whats wrong," he asked. We stopped walking in the middle of the hallway.

"nothing," I snapped, I wasn't even mad at him but I was taking it out on him. He looked hurt. He looked around at the busy hallway. He grabbed my hands, they were so warm and big, he took me into a nearby empty science room. He was standing kind of far away from me.

"What the hell was that?"

"Look I am just upset, chill out," I said.

"About what?" his voice was elevated.

"I can't talk about it with you," I said. I felt it coming up. I was about to tell him, and I don't even know why.

"Why not we are," he hesitated, "friends."

"I just can't!"

"Why," he yelled.

"Because I am in love with you," I yelled, "and I am not with you, and its' killing me." He smiled. My lip trembled. He walked over to me and kissed me. The kiss I have been dreaming about for a year. His lips were soft. We started making out. I was making out with a guy I could see being the one. I moaned a little bit. He ran his hands threw my messy hair. My hands grazed his hair line. I got to feel his perfect hair. We pulled away and I couldn't open my eyes right away. When I finally did he was looking at me.

"Finally," he said. We laughed and he kissed me again. We left that science room holding hands.

## Chapter 5

I am not going to bore you with the details of our relationship. We all know what a high school relationship is. A lot of making out, movies, homework after school and sex. I wasn't planning on losing my virginity right away. But I felt something special, I had crushes, and boyfriends before but never like this. I trusted him and I was ready.

We dated until March without any problems. I was the happiest I have ever been in my entire life. I met his family and he met mine, we cooked together, we were in love. Then something changed. I couldn't name the exact moment but something changed in March. In culinary he didn't come as close, we didn't have sex as much, it seemed like he didn't want to be around me, I felt like he didn't want to be seen with me. I didn't want to start a fight, so I let him treat me like that for a month, I loved him so much I was willing to be unhappy so we could stay together. At the end of March I was so fed up, I called him and told him to come over. He came over. We were standing in my room staring at each other. I really wanted to cry, it seemed like he hated me when all I felt for him was love.

"Where are you," I finally asked.

"What's that supposed to mean?" he snapped.

"You know what I am talking about why have you been acting weird, what's wrong, it's like I'm invisible to you?"

"I just feel like we are moving fast," he said and looked away. I was going to act civilized but WHAT?

"What does that even mean," I asked.

"I just need some like space," he said. When I fell in love with him last year I had no idea he would ever say something like that to me, that's not him.

"What did I do, I can't think of anything, what am I doing wrong?" I said. I was so hurt.

"You are just so clingy, you have these expectations and I just... I don't know," he said. I paused. I don't even know what to say that. I feel like I should apologize, but I can't, that was so rude and cruel to say to someone you love. My eyes couldn't focus. When they did he was at the door.

"Wait please don't go," I said. I sounded pathetic but I would do anything to keep him. I would do anything to have a good moment with him.

"I need time without you for a while," he said.

"Wait how can you say that, I thought you loved me," I said. I started crying, and pleading. He shook his head. He left. I just got dumped. I crawled into bed. Sobbing. I just repeated the words what did I do wrong over and over in my head. I thought he loved me. I tried so hard to keep him happy.

## Chapter 6

The breakup was really hard. Because when we broke up I was still in love and he wasn't. I had to fall out of love on purpose. He tried to smile at me in the hallways but I felt so small when he did that. I didn't need his pity. Another reason it was so hard to move on is because he said he just "needed some time without me" so I held onto this piece of hope that he was coming back, but he didn't. So instead of spending all of my time on him I got into working out, that was ok. It helped me feel empowered, and if I am being honest it made me feel better than him. But the thought that wouldn't leave me alone was the thought that I would never be in love again. The way I felt about Noah was so insanely intense, what if I never get those butterflies again.

Sophomore year ended and I felt decent. Then I heard the door bell ring. I just had a feeling it was him. I opened the door and it was. He was holding flowers. For months I have been thinking about what I would say if this happened, but when I saw him my anger turned into butterflies.

"Hey Ansley," he said.

"Hi," I said and pursed my lips together.

"I am ready," he said. I was really confused.

"For what?"

"To get back together, I had my time away and I feel a lot better, I want to hit unpause," he said and smiled

"Whoa, I didn't know this was happening," I said.

"Did you move on," he asked.

"Does it look like I moved on, I tried, but no one was you," I said. He smiled. His crooked perfect smile.

"So..." he said.

"Why did you leave," I asked.

"I just wanted to not be your boyfriend, I just wanted to spend time with my friends and myself," he said.

"No, this is over, I can't just do this relationship on your terms, you don't just get to break my heart when you get bored," I said.

"Ansley don't do this," he said.

"You are acting so selfish," I said.

"You are being dramatic," he said.

"How am I being dramatic, you broke my heart, you left me, I don't have to forgive you," I said.

"Another reason I left is because you are entitled," he said.

"You are giving me a million reasons to close this door," I said, "I wish we never met." I closed the door. I slid down it and cried. That was the hardest thing I have ever had to do. What is wrong with him, that cold hearted son of a bitch.

## Chapter 7

The slip happens with a lot of exes. When you just forget everything that happened and do something you regret that put you back eight steps in your healing process. Noah and I's happened Halloween of junior year. He was having this huge house party. I heard about it and was planning on going. But I texted him to be nice.

Ansley: Hey, I heard you were having a party tonight, my friend was going to take me but I wanted to make sure you were cool with it.

Noah: Totally, see you there.

I felt a little flutter but ignored it.

I got the party and instantly caught Noah's eye. I couldn't stop looking at him. We were both looking at each other. I was so confused. All of a sudden I saw him running upstairs. He made eye contact with me and he nodded. I knew it was a bad idea, but in that moment I told myself one more time isn't going to do anything. I opened the door to his room and he started kissing me and taking off my clothes. We had sex. Right after I felt sad. This is going to change things. We were laying on our sides looking at each other.

"My girlfriend is going to kill me," he said. My eyes widen. I almost screamed.

"You have a girlfriend!" I yelled. I pushed him out of the bed forcefully and started scrambling running around grabbing my clothes.

"Well you kept looking at me!"

"I don't know!" I yelled and ran out of his room and out of the house. Oh my god, I am a home wrecker. I ran home, it wasn't that far. I flopped down on my bed and thought about him. I was so disappointed in myself. What does this mean? It took a while but I came to the conclusion, it meant nothing. It was Halloween, one year after our first time, there was some tension. It doesn't mean anything. But it ended up creating a lot of tension between us. Making it harder to not think about him. So it took double the work to get over him

## Chapter 8

I got over him. I dated other guys. I married a different guy. I was afraid that I wouldn't find someone who made me feel the way Noah did, but I did, I found a guy who made me feel much more. If it doesn't work out, there is better.

# Chapter 9

That's our story. We fell in love then out of it.

# Chapter 10

Hey, thank you so much for reading. I had so much fun writing this. I have dabbled in writing before but this is my first time showing it in public. This isn't my best piece, I know I can improve. Please leave a comment and tell me what you think!